

Worldly wisdom says, this is "impractical" and so it plunges blindly on, to find out, by event, that without obedience to abstract principles in the universe, but destruction, is "practical." God's word says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Our statesmen have said: "The fear of the slaveholder and their partisans is the beginning of wisdom."

now punished. This is just, because oppressive rulers would be powerless to oppress, if the people, or a majority of them, did not consent and co-operate with them, which they have no moral right, and are under no political obligation to do. The people of Egypt, under Pharaoh and of Israel under Ahab, had no right to help their wicked monarchs work wickedness. The duty of obeying such rulers is not absolute.

The monsters of iniquity, of cruelty, and of barbarity, now triumphing in their wickedness before our eyes, will be equitably dealt with, though the true and faithful heroes of righteousness, who, from motives of holy obedience to God, and disinterested benevolence toward man, have

The Jehovah of the Scriptures still reigns, and the earth rejoices.

With grateful and confident reverence, kneeling to the Father, we adore thee, O God, who art the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

our obligation to abolish slavery within the limits of the States, which is undeniable, and has been denied, then to make such abolition the end of the war, is a plain and palpable violation of the oath of allegiance to the Constitution and of the law of God. We do not say that emancipation of the slaves may not be a legitimate means for the prosecution of the war, but the difference between its being a means and an end, is as great as the difference between blind

known that the country is being flooded with pamphlets, tracts, and papers, containing arguments to prove that the Constitution not only authorizes but requires of the National Government the abolition of slavery in the States. Arguments that, from some cause, those who do not welcome the sentiment, find it inconvenient to answer.

could be inferred from their course? It is a well known fact that these Northern attestations are inflated and confirmed, instead of allaying, the relaxing the Southern purposes of rebellion, while such a solemn renewal of the pledge of non-interference with slavery, at such a moment amounted to a promise of what has been more than half redeemed, that the Administration

would do as little as possible to put down the rebellion—thus encouraging as well as inflaming the spirit of the rebellion, and giving it strength, at the South, at the North, and in Europe. While the history of this rebellion is preserved, the fact will be preserved, as a part of it, that this attempt was made, to AMEND the Constitution, so as to make it forbid a National abolition of slavery.

A strange fact, truly, is, as the *Review* represents, "it has never been denied" that there is, under the Constitution, "neither the right nor the obligation to abolish slavery within the limits of the States."

Should the *Princeton* Editor ever examine the bound volumes of the *Washington Daily Globe*, for information on the subject, he will probably be able to find, at least, three argumentative speeches, directly to the contrary, but will search in vain, we think, for any replies to them. We allude to the speeches, some years since, of Gerrit Smith, quite an exhaustive one; and of Gen. Granger, some time afterward, a piquant and defiant one, both from the State of New York; and last winter, from Mr. Cudde, of Ohio, to say nothing of several other speeches looking strongly in that direction. Had the Editor mingled, a few evenings since, with the elite of the city of Brooklyn, in the Academy of Music, and witnessed the enthusiasm with which that great and splendid assembly responded to the overwhelming eloquence of Frederick Douglass, discussing this very subject most enthusiastically in their applause, when most emphatically, the Constitutional duty of Congress to abolish slavery in the States, was affirmed by the orator; and the equal enthusiasm with which the audience greeted the song sung by the Hutchinsons, giving utterance to the same sentiment, he would, perhaps, have felt the necessity of some modification in his statement.

THE FATHERS—THEIR TESTIMONY.
Is all this too modern for the academic shades of Princeton? Come, then, we will invite the Editor of the *Review* to go back with us, some three-fourths of a century, and enter with us into the Virginia Convention for adopting the Constitution. There stands Patrick Henry, speaking, and yonder sits Governor Randolph, both of them fresh from the Convention in Philadelphia, that drafted the Constitution. Listen to Patrick Henry:
"If you give power to the General Government to provide for the common defense, the means must be commensurate to the end. Have not they [Congress] the power to tax? May they for the general defense and welfare? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery? May they not pronounce all slaves free? and will they not be warranted by due power? The power, specifically, to tax, to regulate commerce, in clear, unequivocal terms, AND THEY WILL CERTAINLY EXERCISE IT."
Look yonder! Gov. Randolph rises to reply. Hear him:
"I hope there is no one here, who, looking on the subject in the calm light of philosophy, will advance an objection so laborable to Virginia. That at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, an objection will not be started, that those unfortunate men now held in bondage, by the operation of the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, may be made free."
So, the Convention adopted the Constitution! But was Patrick Henry raising an objection on his own account? Or did he only repeat an anticipated objection of others, that it might be considered by the Convention? His known anti-slavery sentiments should be his expositor. But hear the testimony, to this point of Mr. Jefferson, and notice his own sentiments.
In the last *Harper's Monthly*, we have a memorandum of a "Talk with Jefferson," in 1822, by D. P. Thompson, in which Mr. Jefferson speaks of Patrick Henry as a collaborator with himself, against slavery, and added:
"A full and complete knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, an influential portion of wisdom, under the lead of Mr. Madison, thought that they had so guarded that instrument, that it should never afford the remotest shadow to slavery, but rather invite the aid of the PROHIBITORY ACTION OF CONGRESS."
Who are we to believe, on this historical question? Patrick Henry, Governor Randolph, and Jefferson? Or the Editor of the *Princeton Review*? One or the other must have been mistaken. Which was it?

For the *Principia*.
"PERSONS HELD TO SERVICE."
Are they necessarily slaves?—Southern view.
I have before me, "AN INQUIRY INTO THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY," by Rev. S. C. THORNTON, President of the Centenary College, Clinton, Mississippi. It is published in Washington City, 1841.
On page 329 of this work, there commences a statement, as follows:
"Some time last Spring, there came up a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, commonly called the Mississippi Slave Case, entitled, in the records of the Court, *Granger et al. v. Slatter*, involving the power of Congress and the States to prohibit the inter-state slave-trade. This case was argued elaborately, on both sides, and excited great interest in all, as it involved a most interesting constitutional question. ROBERT J. WALKER, Esq., one of the United States Senators for Mississippi, appeared as attorney for Mr. Granger, one of the defendants. Mr. Walker is not only a distinguished Senator, but, from what we have heard in Washington of this speech for the defendant, and from the speech itself, we gather that he is also a distinguished jurist."
So far Dr. Thornton, from which we can all see that R. J. Walker is first class authority, at the South, on legal and constitutional questions. We come, then, to Mr. Senator Walker's opinions on that clause of the Constitution which treats of "persons held to service," as it appears in the volume before us.
"Under the laws introduced into at least two of the free States of this Union, malefactors might have been put for a term as long as life, and their services might be assignable for life, by the purchaser, at public sale, in any third person, whatever; these malefactors, in the language of the Constitution of the Union, in regard to slaves, were 'persons bound to service for life, and their services for life assignable by their masters'" page 332.
Who that reads this will ever be heard to say, that by "persons held to service," the Constitution meant always and only slaves? W. E. W.

It may be proper to add that, in this same speech, as appears by the extracts made from it by Dr. Thornton, Mr. Robert J. Walker, on this great question of the State right of slaveholding. So that his concession, above quoted, comes from one who is no degree open to the suspicion of being an abolitionist.
English funds seeking American stocks.—The *Evening Post*, June 6, devotes an editorial notice of some length to a detailed statement of the efforts of English capitalists—notwithstanding the efforts of English politicians to disperse American stocks, are eagerly seeking investments in them, thus showing that they have full confidence in the stability of our government, and the permanence of our monied institutions.
"Large amounts of British capital are sent over to this country for investment in American securities. A considerable part of these are invested in government bonds, of which the *five-twenties* are the most popular. With other British funds, stocks of the Illinois Central Railroad, the New York Central Railroad and one or two other railroads are purchased. At every corner of the stockholding quarter of our city you hear discussions of what is to be done with the British capital seeking investment in this country, and concluded for that purpose, to the sharp-witted agents of the New York Exchange."

This speech, at the time, was fully endorsed by "H. C." in his *New York Tribune*.
[See the *Principia*, of May 29th, last page.]

The Principia.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1863.

NOTICE.

Principia Association—Meeting of Stockholders.
New York, June 8, 1863.

At the adjourned Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the PRINCIPIA ASSOCIATION, held at their Rooms this day it was

"Resolved, that the Secretary be authorized to call a meeting of the Stockholders, on Monday, June 29, 1863, at the office of the Principia Association, 104 William Street, New York, for the purpose of choosing Trustees, and considering the expediency of issuing new stock, with such other business as may come before them."

In pursuance of the above vote, the said meeting is hereby notified, accordingly.
WILLIAM GODDARD, Sec'y.

Wanted.—The following papers to complete volumes for binding: Radical Abolitionist, Vol. I, No. 4; Vol. IV, Nos. 6 to 12, inclusive; Principia, Vol. II, No. 11. Address Isaac Stearns, Mansfield, Mass.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, having returned from his visit to New England, started, on Tuesday morning, for a tour in the Western States.

"WE MUST TAKE THINGS AS THEY ARE."

A word to Conservatives.
You are continually saying, "We must take things as they are,"—and yet you are continually crying out against "things as they are," and demanding their removal, when a little reflection might convince you that they cannot be removed—and, in some cases, that they ought not to be removed.

Take the case of anti-slavery agitation. This is one of "the things that are." Why don't you "take it as it is," and let it alone, as you tell us to let slavery alone—You say slavery cannot be removed, and that is a reason why it should be let alone. But you should consider that so long as slavery exists, anti-slavery cannot be removed. Follow, then, your own advice: "take things as they are," and let anti-slavery alone.

Sometimes you say that slavery would die out, if abolitionists would only let it alone. Perhaps anti-slavery, too, would die out, if you would only let it alone. It will be pretty sure to die out, whenever slavery dies out. "Take things as they are," then, and let them be as they are. Show your faith by your works. If you believe that evils will die, sooner, by being let alone, try the experiment with the things that you feel to be evils, and see how it works. When you shall have tried the experiment to answer its ends, you will then have good reason for recommending it to others.

Allow us to commend to you another practical use of your own favorite maxim. You are, at least desirous of putting down the rebellion, or at least of terminating the war in some way, without calling in the aid of colored soldiers. You think it a shame that the noble, high-souled, superior Anglo-Saxons can do their own fighting, and take care of themselves, and maintain their Union, their Constitution, their Government, and their Nationality, without calling in the help of "the niggers," as you contemptuously call them. Well, it is rather humiliating to our Anglo-Saxon pride, to be sure, especially considering that a *free colored man*, as *Mr. Lincoln* says, "has done the honor of playing the part of underlings to the Norman French who had conquered them, and made themselves masters of the realm;—and considering also that some of them (the said Anglo-Saxons) were bought and sold as slaves by the Irish. But then, you should remember that "we must take things as they are," as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were forced to do—and do the best we can, for the time being. That is the conservative rule, you know.

Again, you are averse to the measure of a national abolition of slavery, as a means of restoring the Union of the States, which is not likely to be restored in any other way. You sigh for the good old times, when, "under the Constitution as it is,"—as expounded by slaveholders—Northern traffickers had good chances of making large profits out of the planters, providing we got our pay without getting lynched, tarred and feathered, or not keeping our mouths shut, or perhaps for trying to collect our dues from them. Well, it is a hard case, doubtless, for those of you who are longing with an exceeding great desire, for the restoration of our glorious Union with our dear brethren of the South (that is, the slaveholders) on these delectable conditions. But then, please remember that "we must take things as they are," and if we can't possibly preserve slavery and thus conciliate the three hundred thousand slaveholders, we must do the best we can, and re-construct our Union, not with our lordly masters, whom we have so long revered, but with eight millions of non-slaveholding whites and four millions of emancipated slaves, and try whether we can't, in due time, make nearly as much money by trading with twelve millions of industrious freemen, as we used to do in trading with a third of a million of idle task-masters, who were never famed for being trustworthy pay-masters.

"We must take things as they are." Yes, indeed! Truly, we must. But allow us to suggest that in order to do this, the very first thing is to find out HOW the things that exist, ARE. Otherwise, we shall be very likely to "take," precisely as they are, NOT, and get our fingers into a steel trap, by it.
"Taking things as they are." Why! The principles have been the watchword of all the great politicians of all the parties, for fifty years past—not a man of whom has taken the pains to find out HOW things are; or, if he did know, has not had the honesty and courage to shape his political course accordingly. If there be, or has been, one such politician, he is the rare exception to the general rule. No Administration, no party, has taken "things as they are"—but the very reverse—and the evidence of it is seen in the present condition of the country. We have been, as a people, perpetually taking things as they are, NOT—calling good evil, and evil good—putting darkness for light, and calling light darkness—calling the Constitution of our Country what it is not, and denying what it is—calling statesmanship (the business and duty of civil government) what it is not, and denying what it is—calling slavery what it is not, and denying what it is—calling abolitionism what it is not, and denying what it is—everywhere taking things as they are, not, and refusing to take them as they are. Who, that has a pair of eyes and a brain, can help seeing that this terrible rebellion—yes, and the management of the war against it, hitherto—is the necessary sequence, result and complete expiation of our "taking things as they are?"

He who would take "things as they are," must first know what things are—second, whose they are—third, why they are, and for what purposes, and by what laws HE, whose they are, governs them.
God made all things for high moral ends, and controls all things by just and righteous laws. He who would "take things as they are," must take into his heart and into his head, this knowledge of them. He must study the laws of God,

as revealed in his word, and conform all his measures to them. Without doing this, he can never "take things as they are." G.

NEWSPAPER SUPPRESSION.

ORDER OF BURNING—ITS REVOCATION.

Since our last issue, the country has been considerably agitated by the order of Gen. Burnside, excluding the *Chicago Times* and *N. Y. World* from his Department, including the State of Ohio, and, finally, the suppression of the publication of the *Times* itself, by entrance and forcible possession of the Office, by a detachment of armed soldiers. The excitement has been in a measure, allayed, by an order from the President, revoking so much of the General's order, as suppressed the publication and circulation of the *Times*. Upon this, Gen. Burnside at once revoked the entire order, so that the matter stands precisely as it did before the order was issued. The press, generally, throughout the country, of all parties, has united in disapproving Gen. Burnside's order, and the opposition journals have improved the opportunity to renew their clamors against the Administration and the Republican party, charging them with gross violations of the Constitution, by military arrests, and by invading freedom of speech and of the press. As coming from them, the advocacy of personal liberty, and freedom of speech and of the press, sound oddly enough, but it gives them the appearance of being, for once, on the right side. At the same time, it gives the friends of freedom the advantage of being able, henceforward, to quote the journals of the pro-slavery Democracy itself against those aggressions upon personal freedom, free speech, and a free press, which, heretofore, have been the principal weapons and appliances of pro-slavery Democratic warfare. Particularly valuable in this point of view, is the testimony of the Legislature of Illinois, condemning, in strong language, and by the vote of an overwhelming majority, the order of Gen. Burnside, who, by the bye, is now, or recently has been, a member of the Democratic party.

There are other and deeper lessons of instruction for Democrats, for Republicans, for pro-slavery and anti-slavery men, for the whole country, and for the world, wrapped up in these occurrences of the week past.
It is seen that those who commit or who countenance or tolerate aggressions upon the inalienable rights of others, are liable to suffer aggressions upon their own—that when a political party attempts to make capital out of its subservience to despotism, it paves the way for its own subjection to despotism.
It is seen that when a party attempting to make capital and attain power by the double process of promising to interpose obstacles to the further progress of despotism, yet pledging itself not to molest that despotism in the chief seat of its power; will find itself—if it succeeds in getting the reins of Government into its hands—in the predicament of being unable to redeem both of its pledges, perhaps not either of them, but will be very liable to be driven into straits in which it will resort to measures that will bring the charge of despotism upon itself.
It is seen that when, from constitutional scruples, whether real or affected, an Administration declines to carry out the declared objects of the Constitution to "establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty," it will be very likely, in the progress of events, to come under the imputation of infringing the Constitution in the opposite direction of infringing liberty.
It is seen that a "Constitution," ordained and established "for the purposes of justice and liberty," if not used for the protection of every portion of the people, but, in use, become a feeble protection for any portion of the people.
What the country wants, is, not the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press at the North, but its establishment and protection at the South.
The Union is to be restored—if at all—by bringing its institutions, Northern and Southern, into agreement with each other, and that, too, not by suppressing liberty at the North, but by suppressing slavery at the South.
Abuses of free speech and of a free press must indeed be restrained, but this must be by the operation of equal and just laws. If the National Judiciary is in the hands of the slave power, it must be rescued by its re-organization, as was proposed in the Senate, last winter, by John P. Hale of New Hampshire. If that measure had been adopted, there would have been no necessity for military arrests, nor for the suppression of public journals by military orders, in the loyal States.

NORFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.
NORFOLK, VA., June 30, 1863.

Friend Allen:
Since my last to you, the music books, sheet music, &c., from the living Waters have come to hand, and have been used as much as the strength of your correspondent would allow him, to try to teach the other, "contrabands" the tunes, and to sing with them. They are worth their weight in gold. True, seeds don't like to hear their former cattle sing, as they do sing:
"They worked me all the day
Without a bit of pay,
So I took my flight, &c."
"Clear the way, clear the way;
Clear the way this morn'g,
Liberty for all is dawning."
but sing "den yer dey must, yah, yah," and sing those, as only "Contrabands," can sing those songs. I wish you, the donor, your readers, and also the Copperheads of the North could hear them as I do, when 500 to 600 of these recent "young cattle" sing. I cannot describe it to you, at all, their gratitude to "den yer folks in de Yank!" Well, it is only equalled by the of the soldiers for the *Principia* which you have so liberally sent in response to my call. A thousand thanks, in their behalf. The warden in one of the Hampton hospital, who kindly distributed them says, "they were most thankfully and gladly received."

Our mutual friend, Miss Helen Pitts, has distributed many copies to soldiers, in and around the city. The teachers of the Norfolk and Portsmouth schools visited Suffolk recently, and on our way there, the above mentioned lady distributed *Principia* to soldiers in and outside the cars, as she had the opportunity. All seemed hungry for something to read, and it was evident they were all grateful beyond measures for them. I would like to give you a detailed account of our trip, and incidents connected therewith, but have not time or space to do so. I must, however, take occasion to notice the fact that Suffolk has a Provost Marshall, who is not only Major Smith of the 112th New York Regt., but is also Mr. J. F. Smith, and can show himself to be Mr. Smith the gentleman, and treat strangers kindly, civilly, politely, and at the same time be Marshall Smith, and perform his duties as Marshall, full as well as the many contemptible upstarts holding similar positions, who, insulting every one, are a disgrace to themselves, and many times disgrace Uncle Sam, by their meanness, and disposition not to be civil or obliging.

Said Provost Marshall Smith, is I think, from Jamestown, N. Y.; and let me say that he is a credit to the town and State from which he hails, and at the same time an efficient officer. If you or your readers visit Suffolk, I want you to shake his hand, as well as get your pass, and also make the acquaintance of Mrs. Provost Marshall Smith, who is one of the kind who it always does the

stranger and wanderer good to meet. God bless them both!

Our schools are doing finely, although our number, from various causes, has fallen off. For this we are thankful, inasmuch as we could not do them justice, for want of suitable help. This will all be obliterated in the Fall, we trust, and then we expect to see at least 2000 colored children in the day schools of Norfolk. I say colored, although very many of them are as white as any children, still they are all "Niggers." So the school calls them—as they call us the "Nigger teachers." Thank God for the day and privilege of being thus named! How many "longed to see this day, but died without the sight!"

We have now the two additional teachers whom we were expecting, at the end of last May, Miss Patten and Miss Doxy, of Williamsburg, with whom you and many of your readers are well acquainted. They are hard at work in school and at home, as they have the opportunity. Our Sabbath schools are already an institution, and are making progress. We have been favored with visits from the Rev. Dr. Copp, of Chelsea, Mass., Rev. Mr. East, of New Haven, Conn., Rev. Mr. Jacobs, of Meridith, Delaware Co. of your State; each spending a Sabbath with us, speaking to us words of sympathy and good cheer. We thank them for their visits, and hope that many pastors of Northern churches, will visit us. It will do us good, and they will be enabled to enlighten their own people, and the North generally, on many points on which the North is now terribly ignorant, in reference to the freedom of the South. I believe every church can afford to send a delegate for this purpose, to some part of the South. Will they not do it? They would be blessed by it. But I must close, my letter being too long. How about those beds, mattresses, blankets, sheets, etc., which I wrote you were now much needed for our nation boarding-house, at 21 (not 42) as you have it? Catherine Street? Every night, one or more of us have to sleep out of doors, because they have not come. Yours truly,

"CONTINUANT."
P. S. To-day we bury one of the members of our school, Anna Marie Allen, aged 15 years. She had sung with us in the Sunday School a few times, "Heaven is my home," and it is a pleasing and interesting incident to us, that she loved the hymn and tone so well that, as her dying request, she asked that it might be sung at her funeral, as also the hymn.

"The day is past and gone."
All we would say is, "Peace to her ashes," not being given to lauding the dead, either small or great.

FROM OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

BEADY, Ind. Co. Pa., June 4th, 1863.

Mass. Editors. During the past few weeks, a large number of troops existed for nine months, or two years, have left the field and returned to their homes. The 15th Regt. P. V., to which I belonged are among the number. After serving a term of nine months we left our camp near the Rappahannock on the 14th of May, and returned to Harriburg, there to be mustered out of the service, which was done, after some days delay. Though pleased with the prospect of soon meeting our friends, we could not but feel sad on leaving the field when we thought of the necessity which must force others to fill our places, whilst many who had bravely fought for two long years must still remain and leave new dangers.

Our Regiment was perhaps one of the most favored in the service. We spent six months in guard duty at Washington, and three months in Virginia, in the Army of the Potomac. We were in no engagement until the late movements on Fredericksburg, and there, although we occupied several important positions, we were not in any hot engagements, and our loss was very trifling. For three days and a half, at the beginning of the fight, we occupied a position, in connection with three batteries, on the Widow Gray's plantation, on the Rappahannock, about six miles below Fredericksburg. We were then marched to the right, near Chancellorville, where we arrived on Sabbath, and our loss was raging.

The Widow Gray's plantation was one as beautiful as could be desired, and the style of mansion such as showed that it belonged to some of the "F. F. V's."
There had been a good number of slaves kept on the place; and there were still one or two families of negroes, living near the proprietor's mansion.
I conversed with one of them, a healthy man, of about eighty years of age, who, like Simon, had been long "waiting for the consolation of Israel." He was surprised at his knowledge of the scriptures. He also seemed to understand the nature cause, and providential designs of this war better than some men who have worn the straps of Major-General.

"Truly these things are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."
As an instance of the anxiety of the freed slaves for knowledge, I will give you the following:—Brig. Gen. Rowley had a servant, a man rather in the middle age, who was formerly a slave in Virginia. His pleasant good humor, gained him the good will of every one about Headquarters. Judge might be seen, daily, pouring over his spelling book till, in a short time, and with very little assistance, he was able to read in his testament.
Well, a word with regard to Gen. Hooker, the army, and the fight. Gen. Hooker certainly displayed some good generalship in deceiving the enemy with regard to his place of crossing, but he got his army over, and in a place where their fortifications were unavailable, as they were obliged to fight him in the open field. This and the energy which he manifested, have given the soldiers of his command great confidence in him as a leader, notwithstanding the discouragements of a partial failure.

At Chancellorville we were confident of success, so much so that we could scarcely believe we were retreating, until most of the retreat was accomplished and some of us were ordered to our old camps.
While we were not fighting we were fortifying our position, so that before we left, we had a continuous line of breastworks from which we could scarcely be driven.

Whether correct or not, it is a general impression among the soldiers that General Sedgwick is seriously to blame in the matter.
Be it as it may, God no doubt saw, in his wisdom, that perfect success was not best for us. While in camp, the *Principia* was a most welcome visitor. Regularly it made its weekly visits, always filled with nutritious mental and moral food. Should it be my lot again to be connected with the army, in its efforts to crush out this wicked rebellion, you may expect to hear again from, W. H. Mc.

COLORED SOLDIERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Departure of the 54th Regiment.—In fine appearance, good order, and excellent character. Effort on public sentiment.—Another colored Regiment organizing, and in forwardness.

We regretted that this interesting communication came a little too late for our last paper, but our readers only have their feast a week later.

Letter from Boston

Boston, June 1st, 1863.
Last week was one of peculiar interest, here. It was anniversary week, and will be memorable in history. The weather was most favorable, the number of visitors was exceedingly large, and the

meetings were generally of more than usual interest.

The great event of the week, however, was the departure of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, composed of colored men, with the exception of the principal officers. They reached the city, from Beavertown, early in the forenoon of Thursday, where they remained for some hours. They marched through several of the principal streets, and were reviewed by Governor Andrew, on the Common. Their appearance was a triumphant argument in proof of the capability of negroes to become soldiers. It is true, that these men had fought no battles yet, but their manly and soldierly bearing, under the circumstances, was more than indicative of what they could and would do.

They had been taught, and treated accordingly, to a great extent, that they were not men, and were not, therefore, entitled to the rights and privileges of men. A large part of them were fugitives from slavery, and those who were natives of free States, had not, as all know, enjoyed the common privileges of white men. Yet they presented a better appearance than most of the regiments that left this State. The Adjutant-General, who has had, I may say, a better opportunity than any other man in the State, of knowing that, in his opinion, it was the best drilled regiment that had gone from Massachusetts since the war began, with the exception of the 12th; that it had cost the State less, and that there was less intemperance in it than in any other. Several that saw them during the day, remarked that they had not seen a single man, who had the appearance of being under the influence of liquor. One interesting fact in regard to this regiment is, that of the 956 enlisted men composing it, 405 signed their names in a legible hand, although, as before stated, a large portion of them were fugitives from slavery.

The course of people to see this regiment was immense. I can say, as did Senator Wilson, that I did not hear a single jeer or reproachful remark during the day. The most violent Copperheads seemed to have their lips closed, for a while, at least. The son of Frederick Douglass was knocked down, during the day, which was the only act of violence I heard of, that was committed on a colored person.

They embarked on board the transport *De Molay*, to join it, it is understood, the department of Gen. Hunter in the South.
The 54th Regiment (colored) has already nearly 400 enlisted men, which in all probability will be filled in a few weeks.

What a change has taken place within a few years! Nine years ago, I saw Anthony Burns dragged back to the hell of slavery from Boston. I saw him conducted over the same spot where the first blood was shed in the American Revolution, (which was that of Crispus Attucks—a black man) immediately guarded by a body of most desperate characters, several of whom were well known as such, in Boston. The politicians, the government officials, the military men, the city officials, the most leading papers, and I should add, the pulpit, to a great extent, negatively or positively, said or acted en masse, to the commission of that heinous crime. Now, a regiment of armed blacks march over that spot, attended with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause, on their way to fight the slaveholders, in compliance with those humane Abolitionists Burns was returned from Boston. Truly the world moves, and, at any rate, Boston does, in the right direction. This logic of events is very powerful. Moral argument had convinced almost all that could be reached, in that way. God has, of late, been saying, in peculiar and awful language, "Let my people go!" It is having an effect on a large class that moral suasion could not reach.

I rejoice to learn that your noble paper is receiving so much encouragement. It ought to be widely circulated among the soldiers. True patriots who have the means, might do much towards crushing the rebellion, by contributing to the *Principia*. Soldiers need principles, as well as bullets, in order to be prepared to fight successfully for freedom.
J. M.

For the *Principia*.
COLORED MEN, BEWARE!
You are the observed of all observers: the talked of by all talkers; the thought of by all thinkers; and the questioned by all questioners. But beware what you do and say, in reference to the present great measure of your Government—the enrollment of the national militia. That this measure is absolutely essential to the success of the national cause, no intelligent man can, for a moment, doubt. That there are now, enjoying the protection of the government, those who are opposed to the draft is notoriously, and to their shame, true. And that there is a deep, desperate, wicked and treacherous scheme laid to break the government down upon this measure, there is good reason to believe. If this scheme succeeds, what will follow? I have labored to convince my colored brethren that we are passing through the narrow and rocky straits leading from the sea of republicanism to a military government—we are, from necessity, more a military than a civil government. If the ship of state refuses to obey her helm, no earthly skill or power can save her from drifting upon the breakers of anarchy, and next comes a Dictator. And who would that Dictator be? Just as likely to be a rank secessionist or Copperhead, as Butler or Fremont. Which would be the next stage in the drama? What would be the condition of colored men, compared to their present prospects, if they rush manfully to arms, at the call of the Government?

Let us suppose you have a Dictator of the Copperhead stripe, and he dictates the repeal of the proclamation of Sep. 22d, 1862, with the restoration of all the rebel estates, and the order of all the freedmen back to their masters; the disbandment of all colored troops, and the banishment of all free colored people from the country. All this is fully contemplated in the scheme to which reference has been made, and it behooves colored men to beware how they give word or counsel against the Government plan for raising colored forces for this war, for the suppression of the slaveholder's rebellion—a rebellion which has for its avowed object the establishment of a great continental Confederacy founded upon African slavery as its corner stone. You deal and talk with white persons every day, who disguise their own sentiments, while they seek to draw from you some words, or expressions, in opposition to the enlistment of colored men; beware of such, for, although they may appear friendly, and pretend to applaud you, they are enemies and would be the first to desert you, if you should need to be forced into the field—which, may God forbid, but may you go so willingly, that your enemies may have occasion to look in silence, and take due warning.

The Government may not give you all you wish at present, but you have more than you could expect in a state of anarchy, or under a Dictator, or in a military despotism. See what the despotism of the South is compelling our black brethren to do, without pay. See what the French are doing against the innocent Mexicans with the aid of black troops from Egypt. Here, we have a just cause to defend, good pay, good rations, good clothing, and in short, every honorable motive called to move the patriot to action. And shall we halt between two opinions, or be heard to speak an unfriendly word against the enrollment of our able-bodied men in the ranks of the national forces? Let it not be so.

A statement is being the rounds that the enrolling officers of government have received unkind words from colored females, as they have gone into some houses to enroll the men. I cannot believe it. No, brethren! Let our patriotism and

manly courage be equal to the present emergency. Let the world see that we can appreciate the opportunity now offered us, to wipe out forever, the aspersions heaped upon us, of cowardice, &c. Let our mothers, sisters, and wives live with the white loyal ladies, in giving up everything for the war. Let us bear in mind, that if the Southern Confederacy succeeds, there will still remain a fearful contingency to be met by our enslaved brethren of the South, and that is the *SERVIS SERVILIS*, which will surely come, if the rebels are allowed to drag hold with them now, and help to conquer an honorable and lasting freedom for the race.

J. W. C. P.
New York, June 3d, 1863.

INSTITUTE OF REWARD.

Soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, the "Institute of Reward" was formed, to solicit from Congress, from State Legislatures, and from benevolent persons, co-operation in establishing in each State, an institution in the interest of agriculture and the mechanic arts, especially with a view to connecting therewith a home for orphans. Since the Congressional grant, July 2d, 1862, the Institute has entered upon the other labors enumerated in its original programme, of which the following is a summary:

1st. The Institute seeks to urge upon State Legislatures the importance of accepting the National grant, and the establishment of an Agricultural College, in connection with an Experimental Farm.
2d. To secure for the bill establishing such colleges, an orphan feature—such, for instance, as Henry R. Bonick, toward Warner, Esq., J. M. M. Vail, Esq.; Alexander Knox, Esq.; J. W. Richards, M. D.; C. C. Leigh, Esq.; Marshall O. Roberts, Esq.; Edwin P. Whitmore, Esq.; Almon Merwin, Esq.; James Anderson, Esq.; P. M. Foxworth.
3d. The Institute further seeks, through private donations and Legislative appropriations, to secure for such Agricultural College, an Asylum for orphans young to be admitted to said college, but in which Asylum they may be cared for until they shall become eligible for such admission—preference here, also, being given to our soldiers' orphans.

4th. Another feature still, in its comprehensive plan, is to create a fund with which to enable orphan pupils existing, extraordinary talent in any department, to develop that talent in the greatest perfection.

Appended is a list of the officers:
Valentine Mott, M. D., President.
Vice Presidents—Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., Chancellor of University; George Odyke, Esq., Mayor of N. Y.; Theodore W. Dwight, Esq., Professor Columbia College; Frederick DeGruyter, Esq.; Herbert Webster, N. D.; Joseph Hoxie, Esq.; Daniel J. Macgowan, M. D.; Rev. Samuel D. Ball, D. D.
Arthur F. Willmerth, Esq., Treasurer.
David F. Holton, M. D., Corresponding Secretary, 52 Bond Street, N. Y.
Henry Thomas Hunter, Esq., Recording Secretary.
Secretaries—Charles Gould, Esq.; Rev. Samuel D. Ball, D. D.; John J. Prescott, Esq.; Fred T. Benedict; Caleb T. Rowe; John M. Catlin, Esq.; Ernest C. Benedict; Newbold Lawrence, Esq.; George Andrews, Esq.; Rev. John R. Bonick, toward Warner, Esq.; J. M. M. Vail, Esq.; Alexander Knox, Esq.; J. W. Richards, M. D.; C. C. Leigh, Esq.; Marshall O. Roberts, Esq.; Edwin P. Whitmore, Esq.; Almon Merwin, Esq.; James Anderson, Esq.; P. M. Foxworth.

Agent for New England.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

Triumph of Christianity over Caste.
—We have great pleasure in presenting our readers, by permission, with the following extract of a letter from a gentleman of Philadelphia, to his friend in this city:

"By the proceedings of the Episcopal Convention in this city, just closed, it is gratifying to observe that that portion of our religious community are rapidly learning one of the lessons of this terrible war.
J. M.

"Application was made for admission, by delegates from a colored Episcopal Church in this city, and after abundant discussion, the vote in favor of admission was 222 against 27 nays, the clergy voting 127 to 9: the remainder of the vote being cast by the laity—a remarkable and significant fact.

"A certain lawyer did his best to defeat the Resolution, and made assertions and statements which were reported in the *Evening Bulletin*; and which, in the Convention, on the following day, he complained of, and denied, when a number of clergymen gave in their names, to be called upon, if necessary, to prove that the account of the reporter was correct; a

Family Miscellany.

For the Principal.

THE ROYAL LAW.

One another's burdens bear,
One another's sorrows share,
Thus the law of Christ fulfill,
Keep his words, and do his will.

One another's burdens bear,
One another's toll and care,
Love shall make the burden light,
Love, with love, shall love requite.

One another's burdens bear,
Thus the Savior's yoke ye wear,
Thus with Him, His ways ye tread,
Live, in Him your living head.

One another's burdens bear,
Thus the Father's love express,
Thus the Father's love express,
Thus to Him your love express.

One another's burdens bear,
Mutual counsel, and prayer,
Mutual trust, and hope and love,
Light your path to realms above.

G.

THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

The land our fathers left to us
Is full of love and life;
When shall we, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing night and wealth
Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,
Then shall the nation's love be true;
But bid not him who yearns for peace,
To wither in an hour!

No outward show nor favored strength
From thy stern justice averts;
There is no liberty for them
Who make their brethren slaves!

G.

MOTHER.

No earthly friend can fill a mother's place,
When the dear one is with us here no more;
No smiles so sweet, no love so true,
As those which dwell upon the mother's face.

No words so kind, so potent to restore
Joy to the soul, where sadness ruled before,
But when the mother's face is seen,
The heart is glad, and life is new.

In faithful lines impressed on memory:
And feel that but one mother's love is given
To guard us here below, or guide the way to Heaven.

G.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY ELLIE NEAL.

CHAPTER I.—HOME.

"Well, that job is done," said Mr. Mosier, throwing off his overcoat, and seating himself by the kitchen fire.

"How did you look up so early, saying, 'Just as I intended; giving everything to Jim—the house, the farm, and the little money at interest?'"

"But the girls?—the girls, and the little money at interest?"

"Oh, the girls are well enough off! Jim won't let them suffer. They'll always have a home here."

"And I?"

"And you too, why, woman, you seem to think your son is a vagabond!"

"No; but he is very grasping, and may marry a selfish wife."

"Always borrowing trouble. Come, give me my supper! The will is made, and whatever you say will do no good. The property is mine, not yours, and I have a right to do as I please with it."

She turned away with sorrowing heart, to place the fresh food upon the table; nice hot biscuit, warm doughnuts, and other delicacies which she had been half the afternoon in preparing to please him, when cold and hungry, he would return. Yet everything is his; nothing hers.

"Come," said she, "it's all ready." Glancing at the vacant chairs he asked, "Where's Moll and Sue to-night?"

"They only went over to widow Allen's."

"To carry provision, I suppose! 'Tis about as much as I can do to support my own family."

"What if one of us were in want?"

"Nobody would look after us, I'll warrant; but we shouldn't be that, right away."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; sure that you are determined to vex me to-night!" And in sullen silence, he began to eat.

Presently "Whoa, whoa!" was heard in the yard, and Jim, the son and heir, called out for a lantern.

"Here, my son," said his mother, holding it out of the door.

He reached out his hand to take it, but by accident, it slipped and fell to the ground.

"Confound it all! Can't you do better than that?" he said, addressing his mother. "Here, light it again, in less than no time."

"Have you seen the girls?" she asked, landing it back.

"They'll be along," he replied, gruffly, and started off with his team, for the barn.

She stood a moment looking out over the pure, white snow, when she heard footsteps, and a voice called, "Wait a moment, mother, please," and Mary and Sue came up.

"How pleasant it is to-night! She was so thankful, mother," said Mary.

"Was she? Well, come in, dears, out of the cold. Supper is ready, and father is eating; we'll talk about it by and by."

Soon all were seated around the table—that place where families love to meet whose hearts are knit by love—that place where so many harsh words are spoken in a house of discord. None of the party seemed to feel like talking. The father was thinking of his imagined wrongs, the mother of a doubtful future, the son of his day's work, and the daughters of the poor widow.

Finally Jim broke the silence.

"I had a miserable time, this afternoon. Broke down twice; then, to cap the climax, tipped my load all over into the snow."

"How came it over?" asked the father.

"I know," said Sue, "at least the last time."

While he stopped to speak to Kate Milburn the oxen ran away. Perhaps when the cart broke he was thinking about her, and so—

"Stop your blasted noise," broke in Jim, "it's no such thing! I never saw a girl yet that was worth speaking to."

"Except—"

"Stop your noise, I say; can't you hear?" and in his indignation he drew back from the table to a corner of the fire-side. He soon broke out again—

"Mother, I want some mittens. You never give me decent ones; it's a wonder I don't freeze my hands off."

"Your mittens had no holes, this morning, my son."

"Well, they have now, and you may mend them. You are always fooling your time away for the girls, but never have any for me."

"Leave them there, by the stove," she said, and went on quietly washing the dishes. At last they were all put away, the floor was swept, and mother and daughters sat down to their sewing.

Jim was tired, and soon went off to bed, not even returning his mother's "good night."

The father followed, and then Mary began to speak of the call at Mrs. Allen's.

"They are so wretchedly poor, mother," said Mary, "and I felt as though I wanted to bring them all right home with me."

"They are indeed sorely afflicted, my child," replied her mother.

"So Mary told her—that God's ways with her seemed unequal; but she only smiled gratefully, saying, 'Don't talk so, Mary.'"

"Yes, and then she said, 'Perhaps this is needful discipline; perhaps you will need the same, Mary, to fit you for Heaven—who knows?' And then I turned away and wept; but sure enough, mother, who knows?"

"These words cut the mother's heart, and she could make no reply. Susan saw their effect, and rising, went to her side."

"You look so tired to-night, mother," she said, stroking her hair. "I'll fasten the doors, and then let's retire. I hope we shall all feel brighter, in the morning."

Still the expression on her mother's face haunted her, and long after the hour for sleep, she woke her sister with the inquiry,

"What do you suppose made mother look so worried to-night?"

"I don't know, unless father had been teasing her."

"And Jim, O, Mary, I wish he was different! He'll be a perfect tyrant if he lives."

"Please go to sleep, Sue—don't worry."

In the mother's room was another watcher—one who hardly closed her eyes the long night through. She lay thinking, thinking as we all do sometimes, when dark shadows are around us, how to feel our way out of the darkness into the sunlight again. Will her day ever dawn?

Several weeks passed, and old Mr. Mosier lay upon a sick bed. He yet lacked three years of the allotted three score and ten, but death seemed already to have marked him a victim. His face, which, in a state of health had an almost fierce expression, was now so haggard that any but near friends were instinctively repelled from the bedside. Poor old man, who had shown so little sympathy all his life, how could he expect it now? Yet did she, the wife of his bosom, or those daughters of his old age, tend him less carefully for this? No; by day and by night they were at his side, anticipating every motion, every desire.

The day came at last when he must die; even his strong constitution could hold out no longer.

Jim was called in from the field, and together they all stood around his bed. It was a hard moment for that wife and mother.

"He must speak once more," she said, and checking the blinding tears she bent over him. "Peter, my dear husband, speak to me!"

He opened his eyes, and she fancied she saw something like a smile. Perhaps it was only fancy.

Colder grew the hand around which both her own were clasped, feebler was drawn the breath, ghastlier looked the eye—and Peter Mosier was dead.

"Mother, how is it about the will?" said Jim, the day after the funeral. "Clara is going home to-morrow," referring to a married sister, "and the sooner it is opened the better, for us all."

"The will is in the hands of Mr. Bagby. If you wish to go for him, do so, and we will have it settled," she replied, turning away her head.

"I hope he has left me a good haul, my way," said Jim, as he went out.

Half an hour afterwards, the family was gathered in the large square sitting room, when Mr. Bagby entered, will in hand.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said he, bowing gracefully. "I see you are all in a waiting attitude."

"We did not wish to detain you," said Mrs. Mosier. "Please be seated, sir."

"Thank you. This will, ladies and gentlemen," turning to Jim and his brother-in-law, "is a very simple affair, very simple. I may say in fact—but it will speak for itself," and he proceeded to read it.

Casting out many superfluities, it amounted to this; that the testator's wife and daughters, while remaining unmarried, were to have a home with his son James; the wife reserving for her own use one room on the east end of the house, and furniture necessary to the comfortable furnishing of the same—the daughters and blankets; all the rest of his estate, real, personal, or mixed, was bequeathed to his faithful son James, whom he appointed his sole executor.

As there were no debts to be paid off, this amounted to a sum of about three thousand dollars—quite a comfortable support for a New Hampshire farmer.

"You have quite a trust, my young friend," said Mr. Bagby, turning to Jim.

"Yes sir," said James, "but one thing is favorable. They are all about old enough to take care of themselves."

"How are you pleased, my dear madam," he continued.

"A mother ought to feel safe in the care of her own son."

"And you, young ladies?"

"If our brother deals falsely with the widow and the fatherless, the curse be upon his head," said Sue, solemnly, and rising, followed by Mary, she left the apartment. Reaching her own room, she threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Mary sat down beside her.

"Sue, what's the matter? How you startled me just now—you spoke in such a sepulchral if not prophetic voice."

"I felt what I said, Mary."

"Yet father must have thought James would deal justly. It is his will; our poor, dead father's."

"Yes; and being such, I will not murmur. Yet, Mary, if—"

"If what, dear?"

"If he had only left us a little—me enough to complete my education, and you enough to afford facilities for learning a trade, or something of that kind, it would be so much better. He had promised me so long."

"Trust Providence, Sue; it's all we can do now."

"He leads his children through such dark paths sometimes, darker than night. I hope Jim is not angry at what I said, down stairs. I meant no offense—perhaps everything will go on right. Heaven knows I hope so."

"And we will try to make his home a happy one," said Mary.

"Yes, sister, I pledge my word on that—and a kiss too," she replied, affectionately embracing her, and arm in arm, they rejoined the party below.

Mr. Bagby had left, Jim and Mr. Harding gone out, and Clara and her mother were busy talking, both occasionally brushing away a tear. Sue knelt down on the floor by her mother's side, while Mary went into the kitchen to prepare tea.

"Everywhere there is gloom," said she to herself, as she went around. "Here in the old kitchen, most of all, where he used to sit so much. How terrible death is—poor father!"

The snow of winter melted, and spring came, with its voice and look of gladness, but still the gloom was there, and so on through the long, hot summer, with its days of busy toil. At length a change came.

A VISIT TO ROBERT BROWNING.

There was no man in England that I desired to see so much as Robert Browning. Others I know set on a higher pedestal the noble woman so lately taken from his side; others are more enchanted by the prince of Artists, Tennyson, in whom all the old minstrelsy seems to have reappeared. But the author of "Paracelsus" I hold to be the most powerful, the author of "Colombe's Birthday" the most tender, the author of "Pippa Passes" the most dramatic, of all poets since Shakespeare.

Some have found Browning obscure, and if "Sordello" were the only thing he had written there would be justification of it. But in his other works one has only to remember how exceedingly dramatic Browning is,—implying at every step that his reader sees the picture, the situation, the movement between his lines,—to find him a remarkably simple writer. "The obvious," says Archbishop Harcourt, "is frequent of his light of sight, of his search for the profound." This is a good hint to those who undertake to read these poems. I remember seeing, ten years ago, "Colombe's Birthday" performed at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston. It was brought out by Miss Davenport at her benefit. The theatre was crowded by an audience who came because she was a favorite, and clearly knew nothing of the play. Miss D. had most carefully studied not only her own part of Colombe, but every part; and the performance was finely sustained throughout. And when I saw that audience spell-bound—saw the tears rolling down the cheeks of many who had never heard of the play or its author before, I thought to myself, that for artists able to get up in themselves scenes of poetry and footling, Browning always writes. He does not write for those who perpetually cry to their author, "Give us of your imagination, for ours has gone out," but for those who have that sacred oil ready for an alliance with his torch.

Entering a handsome but unostentatious residence on Warwick Crescent, in the environs of London, I was shown into a very pleasant room. Over the mantle-piece was a large and very old Italian picture, such as might have been taken from some old church altar, which seemed to be a representation of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. A quaint piece of ancient tapestry adorned one side of the room, and a picture of Christ from one of the old masters was on another wall. I could not help noticing upon the table, cards of invitation from the Russells, Palmestons, and many others of the nobility, indicating that there has been a change with the British aristocracy in regard to the Literati. Formerly literary distinction was not sufficient to assure the highest social position in this country. There is no doubt that the aristocracy will gain much by the change, but whether the literature of the country will, is more doubtful.

Presently in came the poet; his face shining with a welcome, in my person, to those friends of his in America who had given me letters to him. It was a rather gloomy day without, but his countenance bore with it all the light and warmth of a sun. There have been few persons whose writings I have loved, whom I have found personally equal to them; and I am always ready for a disappointment in this direction. But there was none here. Never saw I so fine a brow. When I said it seemed to hear Pippa singing over again:

"A King lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When the earth was new and heaven was new;
And the King's love was true,
Disparting over a forehead fair,
Of some sacred blood—twice born and born
Of some sacred blood—twice born and born
Of some sacred blood—twice born and born."

This was that royal forehead! If Mr. Carlyle's millennium should come now, when royal kings shall be crowned, I should see all those jewels which gleam in the tower of London shining on this brow—if they did not lose their lustre in this magnificent expanse.

Scarcely were the greetings over when Mr. Browning introduced the subject of the same letter with "Sordello," for he appreciates it as such. Ah, how I wish that the Round Table Knights of Freedom in America could have been present to see the fervor and hear the eloquence with which he uttered his sympathy with our cause, and the almost passionate vehemence with which he denounced the Southern sympathizers in England! He holds our cause to be sacred beyond every other undergoing its ordeal; and I have a (not very definite, to be sure) hope that he will soon utter his sympathy from his own throne of Poetry.

He spoke with much feeling of the many tokens of friendship and interest in his poetry which he had received from America, and still more earnestly of that which had greeted his wife's poems.

Whilst I sat there, in came his son, the boy whose face, surrounded by golden curls, almost like a girl's, had been familiar to me through some photographs I had seen in America. The curls are all cut off now, and the boy has grown to be quite large for his age (fourteen years). He was quite manly, and is fortunate enough to inherit his father's grand forehead and brow.

"This gentleman," said his father, pointing to me, "is from America, and is on the Northern side."

"That's my side," cried out the boy, extending his hand. Whereupon the elder Browning looked around at some pride.

Browning goes very little into London society, and stays at home a great deal. He is fond of visiting Lewes, author of the "Life of Goethe," and his wife, the author of Adam Bede, who on account of their irregular marriage are not "in Society." But Browning is eagerly sought for in circles, and is by all regarded as one of the same latitude and longitude. His manners are direct and simple, his voice strong and flexible, and there is from him each moment a current of health and magnetism. I felt satisfied by my visit as if I had just had my thirst assuaged at a cool and crystal fountain.—Commonwealth.

SPOILED, ALL SPOILED.

One blot on Fanny's writing book. She had tried all the terms to keep it neat and fair. She had taken pains not to take up too much ink on her pen, and always to wipe her pen when she done using it; all because she wanted a clean book for once, to carry home to papa. But on this last day, on the very last leaf of her book, in a moment of forgetfulness, dipping her pen too deeply into the ink, an unlucky drop had fallen from its point right in the middle of the fair page, and her book was spoiled.

Ned had just brought in his photograph. The attitude is good, the picture well finished, but there is one tiny speck just between the eyes which should not be there. It is a slight defect in the paper, but, slight as it is, it changes the expression of the face, and the whole thing is spoiled.

Oh, thought I, how many things are spoiled, just by some little accident, or mistake, or fault; and I sat thinking about it, and longing for the day when there should be no more imperfections, when the sound of gleeful voices fell on my ear from an adjoining apartment.

I listened. Nellie Ward had come with her paper dolls to visit her friend Sue, and they were having a joyful time. Nellie had quite a family of paper dolls. There were a gentleman and lady, young ladies and misses, and boys and girls of all sizes, to the number of twenty. Sue's family was not quite so large as Nellie's. She had only sixteen; and then among them were a bride with her bridal veil and wreath and fancy fixings, Willie on his pony, an infant in long-clothes, and a beautiful French lady in a box, with wonderful dresses and hats and shoes and trunks, and the most exquisite style, with softness and magnetism, and all the new fashionable colors.

Now, these dolls were having a party, all dressed in their very best. The music-box ladies placed before it, as if she were playing the piano, and the rest were having a grand dance, just a family dance, you know, but they were very gay and animated,—when, in the very midst of the fun, from the excitement of the occasion, I suppose, or perhaps just dressing one of the young ladies faintly! And then such a hue and cry.

"Oh, oh," exclaims Nellie, "it's my Cinderella! Oh, she's dead, she's dead! What shall I do?"

"Send for the doctor instantly," cried Sue. "Oh, the doctor must come—this very minute. Play doctor," said Sue, aside.

At that critical moment, Sue's brother Harry came tripping up the stairs. He had been to market with Ellen, and had come in from the fresh air with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow, all ripe for fun and frolic. He had heard the commotion, and rushed in, as he thought, to comprehend the necessity of the case at once. In he rushed into the apartment, exclaiming with great eagerness,—

"I'll be doctor—I'll be doctor—Let me be doctor—I know how—I can—I've got pills—"

And in breathless haste the little fellow pulled off his mittens and cap and threw them on the bed. They fell just where the fainting dolly lay. But he was so excited, he was so eager, he was so full of his own importance, that he quite overlooked the patient.

Such a change as came in a moment over the scene!

"You naughty boy," screamed Sue. "Go away! You've thrown your hat right over poor Cindy. You shan't be doctor—get out!"

Oh dear! Oh dear! those angry words shot through his head right down into his heart like sharp pain. Such a pleasant time as the little ones were having, and I was enjoying it so much too. But now it was all spoiled—all spoiled. That angry spirit had marred the whole.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

A LARGE LAKE NEAR THE EQUATOR.

Our attentive correspondent in Egypt has forwarded to us an extra (or Bulletin Straordinario) of the *Spettatore Egiziano*, published at Alexandria, under date of the 7th inst., containing more full particulars than have elsewhere been published, of the discovery of the sources of the White Nile, by Messrs. Speke and Grant, the intrepid English explorers.

The cart there, such a discovery had been made was telegraphed from Alexandria to London at the same time that this extra appeared; and some brief notices have appeared in the English journals; but we are gratified to be able to lay before our readers this more particular account, in the characteristic phrase of the original findings.

The cart there, such a discovery had been made was telegraphed from Alexandria to London at the same time that this extra appeared; and some brief notices have appeared in the English journals; but we are gratified to be able to lay before our readers this more particular account, in the characteristic phrase of the original findings.

By the postmarks, reached Boston in only nineteen days from Alexandria, although, by an unfortunate mistake in the Boston Post-Office, it was not delivered to us until yesterday, two days after its arrival. We believe, however, that the intelligence has not been anticipated by any other publication.

From the Egyptian Spectator, Extra.—Translation.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. O. For the following communication, which we hasten to lay before our readers, and the public generally, to announce the great discovery of the source of the Nile, for which we are beholden to two courageous English travelers.

We promise to lay before our readers more detailed information as soon as we are enabled to obtain it.

KNIGHT, March 29, 1863.—Here is great news. Speke and Grant, the intrepid English explorers, overcoming all obstacles, crossing "under" the line, reached Kodogoro, and thence are now approaching this place. It seems almost a dream. Their portfolios undoubtedly contain the solution of the great problem that has puzzled us for the remotest antiquity, viz: the discovery of the source of the Nile. We have not as yet spoken with them, but leave immediately, on camel back, to meet them on their way, and to give them an ovation. If at the following station we obtain details we will hasten to communicate them.

Aug. 2.—I add another line about Speke and Grant, knowing the immense interest you all feel in this matter.

"Speke says but little—for two reasons: 1st, because, like a true descendant of John Bull, he is naturally taciturn; 2d, because he is only familiar with one language, and precisely the one that none of us know anything about. We can glean but few intelligible sentences from one of the interpreters, who attempts to tell us understand him in a species of Arabic patois."

"From his answers we learn that the Nile springs from a Lake Victoria that he professes to have circumnavigated, and found to be very extensive. That Kodogoro is 5 deg. (less some minutes) from the Equator in the northern hemisphere, and that the same latitude, some of the lake which he says is the source of the Bahrd-Biad or White Nile."

"They started from Zanzibar with 70 men; of these only 17 remain. The number was greatly diminished by desertions, others were lost by sickness and casualties. They had to fight their way through the River, but he relates marvelous things of the enormous quantities of ivory. They may be considered very fortunate to have accomplished their purpose without meeting the unhappy fate of poor Percy."

"Now would be the time for the Egyptian Government to make an effort so as to anticipate others in the work of discovering and digging up these immense treasures—now they could do it themselves with all the profit and the glory."

It will be understood that Captain Speke entered Africa from the Eastern coast, about two years ago, and now comes down the river Nile.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

SYMPATHY WITH YOUTH.

In looking for the cause of the great success which certain persons have in dealing with the young, we find nothing so constantly present, as a lively sympathy with them in all their juvenile feelings. Look out such a man among your acquaintances, and you will find him one who enters at once, and fully, into the mind of children. When he enters a company, the young people at once flock about him. For they are physiognomists, as dogs are said to be. There is a sort of Free Masonry in this thing, and boys and girls are not to be caught by set speeches; they go by the older language of signs. Hence the favorite visitor is loved at first sight, and is by no means the one who says most, or tries hardest. He tells the story of himself in a few minutes. His mind reflects that of the children. The second is that he is a good listener. The boy or the girl, however, is a suitable ball or baby-house to him. He does not see it through his spectacles, but goes back fifty years in an instant, to behold it with his boyish eyes. He sympathizes with the creatures around him.

Youth will not treat at arms length. They are like the Romans, who allowed no speeches with ambassadors, but in their native Latin. The boy knows when you understand him. He may listen to your distant lecture, but the moment you turn your back, his tongue is in his cheek. As long as you are on stilts, his game is to trip you up.

Show me a father who maintains a strong hold on his boy, and he is one who has kept the sympathetic confidence of childhood. Alas! how much is this neglected? Hence we see pious, prayerful, exemplary men, whose stern, repulsive authority, builds a wall, every day higher and higher, between their hearts and the hearts of those they love best. This connexion must be maintained, or the galvanic current will not flow.

The good man, says Charles does not speak to him. Oh, the office is a sacred place, where Charles would make a noise. He comes steadily in, to beg for a bit of time, or a pen-knife, but the eye that is raised from the desk, tells him that it is not the time. Charles never reveals his last fun, or his last trouble to his father, he never walks with him, though he did when very small; it is a long, very long since he put his check, or had an arm about his neck. Why should he tell his father about his fishing-rod? He would be heard with as cold a respect, as if he brought a bill in chancery, or a bank-book. The result is soon foretold. Every year makes the gap wider. The boy becomes a young man; but his heart is less known to his father than to others. Thus I have known a very excellent and affectionate parent say, "I wish you would sound my son Tom, on that or that. I have a delicate appeal approaching him, somehow. He is shy of me." Such are the parents who see their children led off by other influences which have supplanted those of home.

Every day of a parent's life he should call himself to account on this point, and earnestly endeavor to keep open the stream of affectionate confidence. Especially should he tremble at the first approaches of any reluctance to talk with his boy upon those religious topics, which were so freely broached in earlier years.

These remarks apply in a measure to the case of teachers also. Community of feeling and interest is necessary to profit. Formal, cold authority, is almost as bad as indulgence. The highest control is consistent with